

Religious Intelligence

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS.—The Work is issued every Saturday in both the pamphlet and news-paper forms. The pamphlet form is paged and folded for binding; making sixteen large octavo pages, or 322 pages in a year, with an index at the close: and as hitherto, it is exclusively religious. It is suited to the wishes of those who have the past volumes, and who may wish to preserve a uniform series of the work; and also of those who, while they have other papers of secular intelligence, wish for one exclusively religious for Sabbath reading. The news-paper form contains one page of additional space, which is filled with a condensed summary of all the political and secular intelligence worth recording. It is designed especially to accommodate such families as find it inconvenient to take more than one Paper; and yet who feel an interest, as they should, in whatever concerns the Christian and Patriot. Subscribers have the privilege of taking which form they please.

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JOURNAL OF DR. BRADLEY AT BANGKOK.

Siamse Music—Professional visit to the late Queen—Regard for the Sabbath.

Jan. 8, 1836. Chowfah sent his boat this afternoon, desiring me to make a professional visit to his mother, the ex-queen, and that my wife should accompany me. Accordingly we stepped into the boat, and were in a few minutes conveyed to the audience-hall of the prince. The ex-queen lives in the same compound with her son, but in a house by herself. While preparations were making to introduce us to the queen, the prince amused us by his musical performances on a Laos organ. We had heard something about the sweet tones of this instrument, and being desirous to judge for ourselves of its merits, we inquired if any one present could play upon it. Upon which the prince promptly replied, "Yes, I can." He took the instrument, which one would suppose to be only a bundle of fish-poles, and inquired if we would have a vocal accompaniment. On hearing our answer in the affirmative, he called one of his servants, who came crouching before him, and having paid his respects to his lord by raising both his hands together before his eyes in quick succession, he then sat erect on the floor, and waited for the symphony from the organ,

which was performed by the prince in a style that would almost compel one to believe that he had been trained in the music school of some christian country. The music is peculiarly sweet and spirit-stirring. Like most of the Siamese music, it was characterised by soft and melting strains. It gave tenderness to my feelings, and I could have wept freely when I looked at the performers, and remembered that they were without hope and without God, and were in awful danger of being excluded from bearing any part in the songs of the redeemed in heaven. The organ consists of fourteen bamboo pipes of various lengths, from six to twelve feet, placed in pairs, and confined together by a small oval block, two feet from the base of the pipes. Through this they pass, and open into one common cavity within it, which opens externally at one end, where it is shaped into a mouth-piece. Each pipe has a finger-hole immediately above the block, and each another opening more or less removed from the base, according to the tone which it is designed to give. To play it, the instrument is grasped by both hands around the block, and held in an upright position, with the small end of the pipes upward. It requires strong lungs to fill it.

In half an hour or more, woman who is a favored servant, and therefore called *koon*, came, and falling on her hands and knees, announced to the prince that the queen was ready to receive us. Accordingly Mrs. B. and myself were directed to follow her. The prince followed some distance behind us, in his dignified singleness. Myself and wife walking arm in arm was a circumstance which awakened much curiosity in the multitude of females that we passed, on our way through the palace-grounds, to the residence of her highness. Every individual fell with her face to the earth, as she saw the prince approach. Our conductress labored hard to shew us what the Siamese custom is on approaching the queen, and to convince us that it was indispensable that we should get down on our hands and knees, and pay the usual salutation with the hands before the eyes. But we replied this was not an American custom, and for this reason as well as others, we could not comply with it. We were conducted into the audience-hall of the queen. She had not yet taken her royal seat, which was on one side of the hall about mid-way. Some dozen or more princesses sat on the floor in front of the throne. We were allowed a seat one degree higher than they, that is, on an elevation of the floor which bore the royal seat. Here again our guide labored the point that we must crouch before the queen, which we resisted as boldly as before. In the mean time, I was requested to examine the symptoms of a princess who was present. While thus engaged, her highness made her appearance by the door which opened directly upon her seat. Mr. B. first saw her, and ventured to walk to her erect. The royal personage seemed to cast a terrible frown upon her for this unheard of breach of the Siamese royal etiquette, though she did not see fit to give vent to her feelings in words. Mrs. B. inquired after her

health. Upon which she very spiritedly replied, "I am not at all well, I want to see the doctor." I considered this a sufficient reason to take leave of the princess for the present, and attend to the queen. Accordingly I arose and saluted her as I would a person of rank in my own country. She gave me her hand in token of mutual friendship, with some reluctance, as if she were afraid she should tarnish her dignity by the act.

I proceeded immediately to investigate her case.—She expressed much surprise that the doctor whose fame had been so trumpeted was obliged, before he could pronounce what the disease was, and what would cure it, to ask questions for information. If I am not mistaken she said, "Surely you know but little, (which is too true,) if you cannot tell me what ails me till you have first inquired of me." My frankness in confessing to her that I was possessed of no such intuitive knowledge must have staggered very much the confidence she had been disposed to place in me. Even her own country's physicians could predict most confidently by only a glance at their patients. But the "famous American doctor" could not predict at all without careful examination, and then not without much diffidence. Her son, Chowfah, then approached in a crouching posture, and sat down on the steps which led to the royal seat. He did not presume to look his mother in the face during a long sitting, while Mrs. B. and myself had not only no fear in catching her eyes, but in holding them at our pleasure. The mother was at first unwilling that her son should occupy a seat on a level with myself, and signified to him, that under present circumstances, as foreigners had been suffered to come so near her, he might be permitted to ascend another step, and sit on the same platform with herself. This the son nobly refused, being evidently ashamed of such petty distinctions. I continued my inquiries into the nature of her complaints, and used Chowfah as my interpreter. I ventured through him to give the queen in plain terms my opinion of those men who pretended to be gifted with the intuitive wisdom she had expected in me. I told her that those who make the greatest pretensions to such power are really the most ignorant, and that extreme ignorance always fostered the basest quackery. I gave her a little account of American and European physicians, and told her that the most distinguished among them were the least disposed to make any pretensions to supernatural wisdom and skill. I finally told her that no one but the Almighty God was possessed of such powers. Her confidence seemed by these means to be in a good degree restored; which, though it was less than at first, was far more rational.

After ascertaining her complaints, I prescribed for her. She inquired with much solicitude if there would be any spirit in the medicine. On being told that there would not, she expressed great approbation, with a strong disapprobation of every thing that contains *tonic*, (ardent spirit.) She asked many questions about our country; how long we were in coming; how much we paid for our passage; and how long we intended to stay. At length she inquired if America was a happy country. Being told that it was peculiarly so, she answered very pertinently, "Then why did you come here?" We replied that we had come in obedience to the command of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has commanded his disciples to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. This we accompanied with explanations.—But these topics we had reason to fear were not faithfully interpreted by Chowfah. He seemed to be afraid to reveal to his mother the simple fact that our main object is to teach concerning Jesus Christ. If I am called to visit her again, I am resolved that I will address myself directly to her, though I can speak in but a stammering tongue.

Having remained in the queen's presence nearly an hour, we took our leave after the American fashion, and

withdrew, while her highness, her royal attendants, and scores of females, slaves, and children, prostrated at the doors gazed upon us with the most intense curiosity.—The sight of a husband and wife walking together, and much more arm in arm, was what they had never before seen, and to them most strangely diverse from Siamese custom.

10. Sabbath. Was much gratified to perceive, as I visited the sick this morning at Chowfah's, that the prince, so far as externals are concerned, appears to have adopted the custom of christian countries of suspending labor on the Sabbath. The din of business which I heard yesterday morning within the palace walls was entirely hushed. I saw nothing doing that was particularly inconsistent with the sacredness of the day. I know not when I have been so strikingly reminded of a pleasant Sabbath morning in my own dear country.

From the London Christian Observer.

ON RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT INNS.

Mr. Editor,—My attention was sometime since attracted by a letter from one of your correspondents, urging on christians when traveling, the importance of inviting the families at the inns where they may sleep, to join in Scripture reading and prayer. It then seemed to me a hard saying; but by divine help, more than three years ago, I was enabled to begin the plan, and am thankful that, so far from being now a cross, it adds greatly to the interest and pleasure of my journeyings.

The readiness and apparent thankfulness with which the invitation has been generally accepted, has surprised me in no small degree; in my last peregrination of a month, it was declined in only two or three instances, and often very interesting companies have united in the service. Of course I occupy a private room, and send a message to the master or mistress of the house, stating that I shall be glad to unite in reading the scriptures and in prayer with any of the family who can attend, and with any company in the house who may wish to enjoy the exercise. I usually select some interesting narrative to read, minding that the service is not too long, (not exceeding twenty minutes.)

A christian friend, traveling with me on a long journey, was agreeably disappointed, and much gratified, to see so many embracing the opportunity afforded. Will christian ministers and my christian brethren allow me to appeal to their pity on behalf of the residents at inns? Frequently for weeks they go to no house of prayer. When a little leisure is obtained, they find no disposition to read the sacred scriptures: and many live as though possessing no souls, and no eternal interests. Here, then is a field of usefulness for christians itinerating at home and abroad; for I have not pursued the plan in England only. Here their light may shine, the most important interests of their fellow men be promoted, and the name of God be glorified.

Your reader for many years,
AN OCCASIONAL TRAVELLER.

From the N. Y. Observer.

"DEATH AND THE LADY."

"It is too late."

Few things in the course of human life are more impressive and longer remembered, than the last words of a dying friend. If they are full of faith in Jesus, of hope, heaven, and consolation, surviving friends who are in the way to glory, are encouraged, strengthened, and comforted in the belief that their loss is the unspeakable gain of the friend who bids them adieu. If, on the other hand, the dying hour of a departing soul is full of fearful anxiety, and the last words of utterance are the ravings of horror and dread despair, an awful gloom hangs heavy

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over the mind of the relative survivors, and they are left to mourn without hope, without consolation. The concluding scene of life, and last words of a young lady, who once bid adieu to friends and the world, left such an impression on the minds of beholders, as can never be forgotten while memory retains her office. The following is a narrative of the circumstances, which occurred several years ago; but have never been published, otherwise than to relate the substance of the event in several instances to congregations where the writer has labored in the gospel. As all the circumstances narrated were known to the public in the vicinity where the event took place, this presentation is now made to the public in general, under the responsibility of an appeal to many living witnesses for the correctness of the deplorable narrative.

Within a short distance of the grave of the ever memorable Jane McRea, who was murdered by the Indians in the war of the Am. Revolution, was an inn, which for several years was noted, proverbially, for the singularity of its exterior painting, its internal accommodations, and the facilities afforded at all times to render the amusements of the assembly room inviting to the youth of the surrounding region of country. Of course the youth of that family were well-trained to the diversions of the ball, the play, the public show, and all the polite accomplishments of the country dance.

Among the inmates of that house, was a daughter of singular uprightness. At the age of blooming years, she was beautiful, gay, full of high life, and fond of amusements. In a season of special revival of religion in the parish, during a short period, she was deeply concerned about her soul. But these impressions (resisted as they were by the various incantations of home amusements,) soon wore away, and left her to her joys. During a year or more, after this, the lively Chloe "rejoiced in her youth, her heart (apparently) cheered her in the days of her youth," and without molestation, she "walked in the ways of her heart, and in the sight of her eyes," perhaps without a thought, that God was preparing to bring her "into judgment."

It was on a pleasant afternoon eighteen or twenty years ago, as I was at the house of one of the members of my church, not far distant from the inn above described, when, who should pop in at the door of the deacon, but the brisk, the juvenile Chloe, in all the freshness of a rose in bloom. Her presence uniformly produced a kind of charm, that failed not to excite the attention of the circle in which she moved. Of course the deacon's young people were all attention to her while she performed an errand, and as soon as it was done, away she flitted to her home, nimble and sportive as though earth had no sorrows, and life had no end. Little did I then know or imagine, that the healthful countenance which displayed such brilliancy that afternoon, was destined in a few days to be changed into the paleness of death, and that my next sight of Chloe would be, on her dying bed. But so it came to pass.

A few days after, very early in the morning, a messenger called at my house in haste, and requested me to make a visit without delay to the house of Mr. E——, (the keeper of the inn above described,) adding, that it was thought Chloe was dying, and she wanted me to come and pray for her. Not having heard of her illness, I was somewhat shocked with the message, and inquired the cause of such an alarm. I was answered, that she had been complaining a day or two past, that there was no alarm when the family retired to rest the evening before, that in the latter part of the night she appeared to be in such distress that neighbors had been called in, who believed her to be dying, that her anxiety to see me was very great, and that it was the wish of the family that I would come immediately and visit her.

With speed I hastened to the house of affliction. On entering the door of the apartment in which the sick lay,

she instantly cried out, "*O, Mr. A. do come and pray for my poor soul; I am dying, and I am going to hell! O, pray for me.*"

Such a salutation was overwhelming. I should judge there were twenty or more persons in the room, nearly all of whom appeared to be deeply affected with the address of the sick to me on my entrance. The disorder of the young woman was inflammation of the bowels, which indicated a seated mortification, and had thus suddenly risen to a degree of violence beyond the control of medical aid. O, how changed! how suddenly changed was the situation of this house, this family, this once blooming youth! No enchanting sound of the violin, nor clatter of the dance was heard in the ball-room. No loud prattle, nor laughter from the rabble, graced the bar-room. No courts, nor jurors as umpires between parties in litigation, dignified the spacious sitting-rooms nor parlor. No melodious strains were heard from the enchanting Chloe. But all were in attendance at the bed of disease and horrible anxiety. The family manifested a heart-rending shock at the change. The attending neighbors realized it with sympathizing and weeping solemnity. And, it must not be thought strange if I partook, at the instant, a full share of the perturbation which prevailed.

On receiving the above described salutation from the distressed Chloe, I went directly to the bed-side and observed, "Chloe, you appear to be very sick." "*O,*" said she, "*I am dying, and I am unprepared to die; I am going to hell! O, pray for my poor soul.*"

At first I had thought of addressing a few words to her with a view to instruct, and give lead to her mind, which might be to her advantage when I should pray for her. But her anxiety, which was manifested by repeating and reiterating her first salutation, gave no opportunity for a word of instruction, and I concluded to pray with and for her without delay.

During the season of prayer, she made very little interruption, either by groans, sighs, or struggles. But as soon as the prayer was ended, she recommenced the same affecting and heart-rending outcries as before: "*O, I am dying unprepared, do pray for me again. I am going to hell! O, I am going to hell; do pray for me again!*"

My impression was, that she needed instruction as well as prayer. I, therefore, presented to her consideration the Lord Jesus as her only helper, and directed her in what manner to look to him and seek his salvation in this case of awful emergency. After listening to the gospel offers of salvation a few moments, she turned to the mother who sat on the other side of the bed in constant attendance on her daughter, "*O, mother,*" said she, "*I am dying. Do pray for your dying child. I never heard you pray in my life. Mother, I am going to hell. Do pray for my poor soul.*"

O, how was my heart affected by this appeal to a mother! The whole company, apparently, were melted into a burst of feeling, which was manifested by sobbings and overflowing tears. These were moments of deep impression. Death had fixed his relentless grasp on the trembling victim. Before us lay the struggling, agonizing dying Chloe, inwardly burning to death with the raging fires of inflammation; her mind excited to the highest degree of anxiety in view of the terrors of approaching death; while she felt the horrible consciousness of being unprepared for the solemn exchange of worlds. The minister had prayed but no relief was found. The mother had been entreated to pray; but overflowing tears from a soul full of distress and terror, comprised all the assistance she could afford to a child sinking in despair. The attendants were weeping; but none of them could help the dying Chloe. And what was very remarkable, she made no attempts to pray for herself, while her cries for prayer to save her from hell were almost incessant.

Under such circumstances, I addressed a few words to her in substance as follows: "Chloe, evidently you have but a short time to live, and it is a matter of the utmost importance that you should be prepared to die. Doubtless, it is the anxious desire and prayer of all present, who know how to pray, that God would have mercy on your soul, prepare you for death, save you from hell and fit you for heaven. But there is something which God requires you to do. The Lord Jesus Christ has died on the cross of Calvary to atone for sin, that guilty sinners through faith in his name might be saved from destruction. God requires you now, to believe this truth, and accept of the righteousness of his atoning blood as your covering from the guilt of sin. You are convinced that you are a sinner in the sight of God, and are afraid to die. The Lord Jesus, your only helper, your only Saviour, has opened the door of mercy, and invites you, even now, on your dying bed, to look to him for salvation. He requires you to repent of your sins, to believe in his name, and seek his pardoning mercy. Submit, yield up your heart, and resign yourself now into his hands, and Christ is able, and ready to pardon your sins and save your soul from death."

During these remarks, she listened like one astonished. But here I observed a material change in her appearance. She stretched herself in the bed, fixed her eyes on the wall above, and trembled. Still her rational faculties were apparent.

Believing that death was about to cut short his work, I proposed to her the following question: "Chloe, will you now accept of the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour from sin and from hell, and submit your soul into his hands for salvation?" With a faltering voice she answered, "No, I cannot!" Astonished at the answer, I rejoined once more my inquiry, "Why, Chloe, are you not willing, and why can you not now with dying breath accept of Christ for salvation?" With evident appearance of being in the full possession of her rational powers, but with a still more feeble and tremulous articulation, looking me full in the face, she answered, "IT IS TOO LATE!"

These were her last and dying words. Not another word was spoken to her. Not another syllable did she attempt to utter. She shuddered, groaned, gasped, ceased to breathe, and the immortal spirit took its flight in less than two hours after I first entered the room. I closed her eyes in death, amidst the outcries of almost frantic relatives, and the sobbings of a deeply affected circle of attendants. Thus died the once gay, but now desponding Chloe.

The parents of the deceased requested me to attend the funeral at their house, and preach on the occasion. I promised compliance with their wishes, and asked permission to state to the audience at the funeral, the manner of Chloe's death, with a view to improve the circumstances as a solemn warning to the young, and to all impenitent sinners to prepare to meet their God. This request was granted without hesitation.

On the funeral occasion a vast concourse assembled, and at the conclusion of a sermon, were witnesses to the recital of the substance of the foregoing statement of facts accompanied with an improvement of the alarming death, after which, the remains of the deeply lamented Chloe were laid in the dust.

The warning voice ceases not, but still cries aloud, "O sinners, consider your ways and turn to the Lord before it be too late! Trust not in a dying hour to prepare for death. Boast not of to-morrow, but seek the Lord's mercy to-day. Now is the accepted time. To-morrow it may be too late to pray for pardon; too late to hope for salvation.

Sinner prepare to meet thy God. On every side, tokens of decaying nature warn you of your dying day. Every voice of alarm points you to the bed to death, the narrow house in the dust, and the eternity of misery that

awaits you in a future state if you die unreconciled to God, unpardoned and unblest. Though, without Christ, your life may be devoted to vanity; yet, be assured of this, that without Christ, your death-bed will be a place of self-deception, or a place of total despair. O neglect not the salvation of your soul. Make not this world your chief good. Walk not in the ways of your heart in the pursuit of vanity. Defer not preparation for death to a dying bed, lest there you find no heart to repent. O sinner, take warning, prepare to meet thy God before "it is too late."

LEBBEUS ARMSTRONG, of Ballston, N. Y.
New York, March 10, 1837.

REMEMBER THOU ART MORTAL.

The king of Macedon required a herald every morning to repeat in his audience this admonitory sentence. As the reason for this peculiar measure is no where distinctly stated the imagination may supply it without doing violence to any of the laws, by which human nature is governed. If he lived for *fame*, this admonition would impress more fully upon his mind the importance of employing every day in securing the object of his desires. If for *wealth*, he would be reminded by the steady flight of time to use all diligence in amassing the treasures upon which his heart was riveted. If, for the extension of his territories, he would be taught to turn every moment to account in maturing his plans of conquest, and in carrying them into effect. If he wished to humble his foes, no time was to be wasted in self-indulgence or inglorious ease. Or if from the dictates of natural religion his mind had been impressed with the frailty of man—with the vanity of the world—with the importance of keeping in check the wayward passions of the heart—with ideas of clemency and mercy, of compassion to the fallen, and of sympathy for the miserable, such a monitor as he had appointed would be apt to awaken in his bosom with the dawning light, the more amiable feelings of his nature, and lead to the adoption of a course of conduct unattended with that remorse which bites as the adder and stings as the scorpion. Had he been a Christian his views would not have been limited by the grave. His vision would have extended beyond the boundaries of time to that bright world of promise which is the sure inheritance of those who "by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor, and immortality;" and the admonition, "remember thou art mortal," would have taught him to live with a constant reference to the unseen realities of eternity.

But even Christians need often to be reminded that they are mortal. Many a morning do they arise from their pillows without reflecting that they dwell in tenements of clay; or if the thought crosses their minds that they are exposed to the shafts of the common destroyer, it is not attended with that distinct view of their dependence upon God, for the continuance of their lives, and with that evidence of their being prepared to meet the solemn change that awaits them, which their professed relation to another world should render habitual. Now and then in the hurry of business, and amidst the engrossing cares of the day, some providence of God may whisper—"thou too must die." But alas! how soon is it forgotten. How transient the impression which it leaves upon the soul! It is effaced in a moment, and only reproduced by another admonition which is perhaps less heeded than the past. And thus are they pushed to the extremest verge of life without making that full provision for another world which they had designed—And then with a clouded hope they bid farewell to time, and enter trembling upon the retributions of eternity.

The aged Christian should remember that he is mortal. And while he dwells upon the solemn thought let him review his past life, and review it as in the presence of his final judge. Let him call to his recollection what he has left undone, as well as what he has done, that

should humble him before the throne. And let him inquire what he can do for the glory of Him by whom he has been called from darkness to light, that the evening of his days may be spent to secure the plaudit, by which the faithful servant will be welcomed into the presence of his Lord.

The wealthy Christian should remember that he is mortal. And though many may seek to evade the admonition under this head, from the fact that they do not regard themselves rich while others are much richer than they, yet are they wealthy when their possessions are such that with ordinary industry and prudence, and without some unforeseen calamity they have enough for the life which now is. Now the Christian should love the Giver of all his blessings more than his family, nay more than himself. And if this love be brought into expression he will evince it by the liberality of his gifts and of his sacrifices to promote the great objects of Christianity in the world. While he bestows a portion upon his children, a still larger portion he will cheerfully surrender to the claims of his God. Nor will he forget these claims when he makes his testamentary arrangements in prospect of death. Does he love Christ supremely? Is he an heir to an inheritance in the heavens? And is he about to enter upon the promised possession? Surely then he cannot forget to follow the example of Him, "who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

The young Christian should remember that he is mortal. This thought duly impressed upon his mind will guard him against the temptations of the world—will awaken him to diligence in the service of his Redeemer—will call forth all his powers in the active discharge of those duties which rest upon him, and will be the means of fitting him for a lengthened course of usefulness, should his life be prolonged—but should an early death await him, he will be ripened the sooner for heaven.

The thoughtless and the gay—the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God—the aspirants after honor or wealth or fame—should all remember that they are mortal. Have they ever looked upon a coffin or a shroud? And what if it were thy coffin and thy shroud, and thou, instead of thy fellow mortal, had been summoned to the bar of God! Say, in honesty and in truth, and in the light of Christianity, what would be thy condition! With the blessed in heaven? The society of those on earth who are the fairest candidates for heaven thou hast never sought.—Their employments thou hast never delighted in. When their voices have been heard in prayer and praise, thine has been mute. When they have spoken of the preciousness of the Saviour to their souls, thine own soul has not responded to the sentiment. And how canst thou think of happiness in heaven when all the employments of heaven consist in a ceaseless anthem of praise?—*Ch. Obs.*

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

A Scriptural Anecdote.—Some months ago, a few ladies who met together in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the Third Chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the Fuller's Soap, and the Refiner of Silver, were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed—There is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse—"He shall sit as a Refiner and Purifier of Silver." They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the Ladies promised to call on a Silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But, sir, said she, do you sit

while the process of refining is going on? Oh yes, Madam, replied the Silversmith; I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured. At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort too of the expression—"He shall sit as a Refiner and Purifier of silver."

Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace: but he is seated by the side of it; his eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying; and his wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was leaving the shop, the Silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention—that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! *When Christ views his own image in his people, his work of purification is accomplished.*

HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

In the parish of Severin in Paris, there lived an individual, who exteriorly was of the most regular conduct, and enjoyed the reputation of loving virtue and delighting in good; assiduous in every exercise of religion he seemed to follow its maxims with exemplary fervor. The clergy and the inhabitants of the parish were edified by his behavior, and he was looked to as a paragon of piety, and named 'The Holy Man.' He was far from being what he appeared. Under the veil of devotion he concealed the most atrocious and depraved soul. When out of church, his sole occupation was to inveigle poor young girls into his house, and promise to put them apprentices with honest people. But far from fulfilling such respectable engagements, the wretch sold the unhappy victims, and delivered them up to the most shameful prostitution. One of the unhappy girls, who for three days was struggling for her virtue, had courage enough not only to resist, but to form the praiseworthy resolution of making the suborner known to the police. She found a bit of paper in her place of confinement, and with her blood traced the details of her misfortunes on it, and then threw it out of the window, after having directed it to the rector of the parish. Luckily, it was found by a gentleman who brought it to the priest, and told him where he had picked it up. The priest went to the attorney general, and made him acquainted with the subject of the note he had received. The attorney-general said he had for a long time been searching, but in vain, for a wretch in that predicament; he assured the ecclesiastic that he would, without loss of time, bring the villain to condign punishment; he accordingly wrote to him in the following terms: 'Being informed that your charity is become proverbial in the parish you favor me, I wish you could grant me half an hour's conversation at my hotel; I have something important to communicate to you, and that you may favor me sooner with your company, I do not hesitate to tell you that it has reference to some pious designs.' The man full of confidence, flew to the attorney-general, who received him with the most apparent cordiality, and told him that he had some thoughts of proposing to his Majesty the creation of a new office, and that he destined him for it, that the title of 'Father of the Poor,' would perfectly agree with his virtuous conduct. In the meantime a commissary and four agents of the police were rummaging his house. They there found twelve young girls in the greatest misery, most of whom had already sacrificed their virtue. They reported the whole affair to the attorney-general, who had the hypocritical villain arrested and conducted to prison, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his days. The young girls were taken care of by the parish.

CASE OF MR. FLETCHER.

The doings of the Harmony Association of ministers, in regard to one of their members, found guilty of conduct unbecoming the gospel, will be found in another column. We received the proceedings some weeks since with a request from the Association that they might be published in the Evangelist. Some doubts in our own mind, whether the case required such publication, led to a correspondence on the subject, as the result of which we have concluded to publish the document. In the mean time, the New York Observer has published the paper, with the following extraordinary statement:

"Barnabas Phinney, of Westborough, Mass., Ray Potter, of Pawtucket, R. I., and Mr. Fletcher, were all zealous advocates of the cause of 'Moral Reform,' on the new principles introduced by Mr. McDowall. We cannot say that we are surprised, for we could never doubt that the plan adopted by Mr. McDowall, of exposing this vice by detailed narration and pictorial exhibition, was directly calculated to corrupt the minds, especially of the advocates of the cause; and at the instance of some of our best and most discreet men, we felt bound at the very outset to utter our solemn warning against the new measures. Now that the results foretold are a matter of record, we trust that what is exceptionable in the new measures will be abandoned, and that the influences under which the cause of moral purity steadily advanced for nearly fifty years, will be permitted to resume their ascendancy."

We will not express our surprise at such a gross attempt to fasten a strong presumption of impurity upon that large body of ministers and Christians, who felt it their duty to sustain the lamented McDowall in his self-sacrificing course of philanthropy. Nor will we now agitate the question in regard to the *newness* of the principles on which that man of God proceeded. Let all that pass. The Observer is sadly out with regard to its facts, in every particular. *Neither of these men* were known as the fellow-laborers with Mr. McDowall. The truth respecting Mr. Phinney was stated in our paper of Dec. 3, on Mr. Goodell's authority, that he was never claimed by the friends of Moral Reform while he resided in Pawtucket, but was always reckoned among those "prudent" ministers in regard to morals, who "never carry things too far."

In regard to Ray Potter, we have before us a letter from a person of character in Pawtucket, dated Feb. 8, 1837, which says:

"Ray Potter has been a minister of the gospel for more than 15 years in this village; and has stood high in the estimation of many, in consequence of his having taken a very active part in almost every benevolent enterprise that has been introduced into the village. But in the cause of moral reform he did not appear to interest himself much." . . . "Neither he nor his victim were members of the Moral Reform Society in this place."

And as to the latter case, we have the following notice in the last Advocate of Moral Reform:

"With regard to Mr. Fletcher we have it from his own lips, since the publication of this article in the Observer, that he never even approved of the efforts made in the cause of moral reform; and his influence, so far as it went, was all on the other side. This he stated definitely, in a conversation with the office agent, adding, likewise, that his opinion on the subject was greatly changed since his lamentable fall. From these facts which can all be proved satisfactorily, it appears that two of these ministers, and we know not but the third, belonged to that large and respectable class who may be termed 'borderers,' occupying the middle ground, between the two opposing hosts in this great moral conflict."

We do not make this correction because we admit the

principle, that a doctrine is always to be judged by the conduct of its professors, but because truth requires that even this seeming disadvantage to the cause of moral reform should be removed by an explicit statement of facts. As to motives, we leave them to be settled another day.

NOTE.—Since the above was in the printer's hands, a minister who called at the office on business, informed us that a deacon of the church, at Hanover, Ct. where Mr. Phinney was first settled, told him he never heard Mr. P. say any thing in favor of Moral Reform, and he drew the conclusion from his course that he was opposed to it. Our informant mentioned other facts in relation to the ground taken by Mr. P. while at Pawtucket, also at Westborough, all leading to the same conclusion. It is remarkable that the statement in the Observer should be so entirely unsupported by the facts.—N. Y. Evangelist.

We should constantly bear in mind that to indulge ourselves in thinking upon any unlawful gratification is to open the door to sin and death. These thoughts are too often, if not always, suggested to the mind by some image which Satan throws upon the imagination, and should be considered as those fiery darts of the wicked one which must be caught in, and quenched by the shield of faith, or they will 'set on fire the course of nature while they themselves are set on fire of hell.'

Every thing which has a tendency to stir up the thought of an unlawful indulgence should be carefully avoided as that which leads to sin. A man may not only stimulate and inflame his appetites and passions by suffering the mind to contemplate improper objects, but he may indulge himself in the imaginary gratification of impure desires until his soul becomes like a hold of foul spirits, and a cage of unclean birds.

It is in this way that Satan has gained his present fearful ascendancy over our fallen world. He uses the imagination as a sort of black, upon which he is drawing some seductive or corrupt picture.

From the Philadelphia Observer.

THE HEN-HAWK AND THE WEASEL.

Mr. Editor,—Some articles which you have been publishing of late, over the signature of 'A Moderate Man,' reminded me of an incident which I witnessed when quite a boy. A hawk flying deliberately over the farm yard, espied a weasel on a projection of the building, apparently asleep. Thinking no doubt, that he would afford a delicious morsel for his next meal, he pounced upon the poor weasel, and the next moment was seen rising with him in the air. Soon, however, the hawk showed symptoms of uneasiness; he fluttered and struggled, and beginning to descend, soon fell lifeless to the ground, and the weasel ran off, apparently uninjured, to his resting place as before. It appeared that the weasel, so soon as he found himself in the talons of the hawk, immediately fastened his teeth upon the breast and vitals of the poor bird, and in a few moments so far drained it of its blood as to bring him readily to the ground.

It occurred to me that your church when they pounced as they did upon the poor Seceders a few years ago, and went on congratulating themselves upon the acquisition which they had made, were in a condition something like the hawk. They imagined that they had acquired a great accession to their resources and strength, but they have found that they only "caught a weasel asleep."

AGRICOLA.

A MISER'S PRAYER.

Among many curious papers found after John Ward's death, member of the British parliament for Hackney, there was one in his own hand writing, of which the following is a copy:

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest that I have five houses in

the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple, in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee also to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties thou may'st deal with them as thou art pleased. Oh, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have not insured it; and as thou hast said that the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that profligate young man, Sir J. L."

This reminds us of the prayer of an old acquaintance, whose family consisted of a wife and a slave, one half of whom was owned by one of his neighbors. After going through with the form prescribed by his minister, he used to add the following for his family:

"Oh, Lord, don't forget to bless me and my wife and my half of Pomp."

THE POST OFFICE AND THE SABBATH.

A missionary in the West gives the following illustration of the conflict of human with divine authority.

A gentleman and his wife, of highly respectable and intelligent character, who had enjoyed some early religious advantages, became deeply interested in the subject of religion, and, I trust, experienced a saving change of heart. They made application and were admitted as members of the church.

The man had for many years been a post master, and exchanged the mail on the Sabbath. Soon after he entered publicly into covenant with God and his people, he began to feel unpleasantly about this part of his business. After reflection and earnest prayer, he became convinced that, for him to transact such business upon the Sabbath would be a deliberate violation of the sanctity of that day. He therefore promptly wrote to the Post Office department and requested that, if possible, there might be an alteration upon the route so that the mail should not arrive at that office on the Sabbath, as he conscientiously believed that it was wrong for him to attend to it on that day; or, that if such an alteration could not be made, that he might be excused from opening the mail when it arrived on the Sabbath: or that if neither of these could be done, that his communication might be considered as a resignation of his office. He was informed by the department that neither of the things requested could be done, and that his letter was regarded as a resignation.

Oh, that every post master who professes to follow Jesus, possessed such a conscience, and such decision of character. The church would soon wash her hands of one abomination; and the work of consecrating the Lord's day would soon be opposed by none but wicked men.

RICHARD CARLILE, THE ATHEIST, CONVERTED.

A police report in the London Herald of Feb. 6, states the remarkable fact, that Richard Carlile, who for many years had sustained an unenviable notoriety as a publisher and vender of atheistical books and tracts, presented himself before Alderman Wood to attest his conviction of the truth of Christianity. He produced a set of declarations, such as are taken by dissenting ministers, as preliminary to other necessary steps to becoming a legal teacher of a congregation. He was desired to read his declarations aloud, which he did, in a decorous and apparently sincere manner. His profession of faith was in the following words:—

"I, Richard Carlile, profess faith in God the Father; and Jesus Christ, his eternal Son, the true God; and in the Holy Spirit—one God, blessed evermore. And I do

acknowledge the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by Divine inspiration.

"I, Richard Carlile, do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I am a Christian and a Protestant, and as such that I believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as commonly received among Protestant churches, do contain the revealed will of God, and that I do receive the same as the rule of my doctrine and practice."

Having subscribed these declarations, the Alderman granted him a certificate to that effect. He intimated that he had read the scriptures frequently and carefully, and the issue of that research had been the removal of his former errors.—*Boston Courier*.

In addition to the above we find the following in the United States Gazette, published at Philadelphia:

"To Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.

Dear Sir—The account given in your paper, of the public recantation of the celebrated Deist, Mr. Carlile, affords me great satisfaction, as I have no doubt it would to the Christian community of this country, were they as well acquainted with his history and abilities as I happen to be. In order therefore that they, with me, may equally rejoice at his conversion, I take the liberty of transmitting to you a few particulars, which, if you deem fit, you are at liberty to publish.

Mr. Carlile is about fifty years of age, possessing no ordinary talents, and has been one of the most public and daring advocates of Infidelity that England has produced for many years. In conjunction with the noted Robert Taylor, Gale Jones, and others, this gentleman has held weekly meetings in London, for the purpose of lecturing on Infidelity, and defying the friends of Christianity to public debate. In the course of his deistical career he has been, more than once, prosecuted by the British Government for his blasphemous productions, and furnished accordingly thence a martyr in the Infidel cause.

He has published various works in defence of Infidelity, one of which has been recently re-published in this country with a new title page, and gratuitously circulated. I have a copy in my possession, and consider it the ablest work on that subject I have ever seen. I have no doubt, the Infidels of this country will use all their exertions to under-value his sincerity in the cause—the sincerity of his recantation—and his abilities, as they ever have done those whom Divine mercy has arrested in their mad career; but what must, forever, close, their mouths in his case is, that some infidels of this country had actually written for him (as their most able English champion) to come over here to utterly demolish your humble correspondent, (whom they hate with a most perfect hatred,) and that he had replied to them, promising to be here the ensuing summer. Of this fact I have been credibly informed by a gentleman of this city. I am inclined to think, should he now come, his visit will not be so agreeable to them! He is not the first who has been arrested by Divine Grace on his way to Damascus!

I am sir, yours, very sincerely,

March 21, 1837.

W. W. SLEIGH.

GOV. RITNER.

The fact greatly redounds to the credit, and will serve to perpetuate the memory, of this independent farmer and high minded statesman, that he alone of all the Governors in the Union, has met the insulting demands and scare-crow menaces of the South, in a manner becoming a freeman and a hater of slavery, in his late message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The following spirit stirring lines, commemorating his patriotic example, have been handed to us by our gifted friend Whittier, to which we have taken the liberty to affix his name—

though without it, no abolitionist could have mistaken its author.—*Liberator*.

LINES,

Written on reading the spirited and manly remarks of Gov. Ritner, of Pennsylvania, in his late message, on the subject of Slavery.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Thank God for the token!—one lip still is free—
One spirit untrammelled—unbended one knee!
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
Erect, when the multitude bend to the storm;
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,
Are bowed at the Idol polluted with blood;
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!
Thank God, that one man, as a freeman, has spoken!
O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!
Down thy tide Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!
To the land of the South—of the Charter and Chain—
Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain;
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips—
Where 'chivalric' honor means really no more
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor—
Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high.
And the words which he utters are—**WORSHIP, OR DIE!**

Right onward, oh speed it—wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining—
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining—
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart—
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind
In silence and darkness the God-given mind—
There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be felt—
The bonds shall be loosened—the iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free soul of PENN
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—
Will the land where a Benezel's spirit went forth
To the peeled and the meted, and outcasts of earth—
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—
Where first for the wronged and the weak of their kind,
The Christian and Statesman their efforts combined:
Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain?—
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, **RITNER!**—her 'Friends' at the warning will stand
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band—
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime,
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite
Once again for the poor in defence of the right—
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of wrong,
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;
Unappalled by the danger, the shame and the pain,
And counting each trial for truth as their gain!

And that bold hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;
Whose fathers of old sang in concert with thine,
On the banks of Swetara, the song of the Rhine—
The pure German pilgrims, who first dared to brave
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave:—
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South
One brow for the brand—for the padlock one mouth?
They cater to tyrants!—They rivet the chain,
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, **NEVER!**—one voice like the sound in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed,
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West.

On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow,
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!—
The voice of a people, uprisen, awake,
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each
height,
Of '**RITNER AND LIBERTY—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!**'

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, APRIL 8, 1837.

Amidst the multiplicity of cares and duties which thicken about the path of an editor, and among the many censures which he is liable to receive in consequence of the variety of views and opinions among his readers, it is gratifying to receive occasionally decided evidence, that our efforts to make this paper a vehicle of interesting information and useful instruction are not altogether in vain.

We acknowledge the receipt of a line from a Subscriber in Stonington, Ct., who subscribed for a short time upon trial, and who in the note enclosing the pay for a continuance of his subscription—was pleased to refer to our course in terms of approbation and encouragement for which we return our thanks. We have received recently several similar, testimonials of public favor. Such solid tokens of approbation are indeed cheering, and will lead us to renewed efforts to make this paper a consistent advocate of the cause of virtue and of piety, a bold reprover of sin, and a useful auxiliary in the great work of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. We have in a few instances had the paper stopped with the *soothing* excuse that "we like the paper very well but cannot afford to take it." This is truly cold comfort both to editor, and publisher, and if all our subscribers who are in no better circumstances should for the same reason pursue the same course, our families, (notwithstanding their approbation) would soon be in want of bread, or we should be compelled to seek some other mode of subsistence. Thus our friends will see that by continuing their subscriptions, and promptly paying for the same, they are enabling us to send light and truth to hundreds of subscribers, many of whom otherwise would not probably take a religious paper, while if but a few of them should withdraw their support, the paper could not be maintained, and they would thus not merely diminish their own sources of information, but would close up a fountain of religious influence, which now flows into hundreds of families.

We would suggest to our subscribers, therefore, that instead of discontinuing the paper in any instance, especially for so futile a reason as the one above, they should look about them, and see if they cannot do something for its circulation. In most places the number of copies taken might be augmented with but little trouble on the part of our present subscribers, and we would respectfully ask if they have not an opportunity in this way to exert an influence in favor of the gospel, which it is criminal in them to neglect? A religious newspaper is a periodical tract, and like those little messengers of truth, it can frequently be introduced into families which are scarcely accessible to any other religious influence.—If, therefore, our friends any and all who approve of the sentiments diffused

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through the medium of this paper, will make some effort for its support they will not only enable us to make greater exertions to render it a valuable auxiliary to the cause of truth, but will we believe be instrumental in doing good and in spreading the knowledge and benefits of the great salvation.

THE QUARTERLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

The examination of the contents of this able periodical, which we were obliged to suspend last week, we now with pleasure resume.

ART. IV.—ON SELF DECEPTION IN RELIGION.—

An article containing much practical truth, and adapted to do good to that large class of professors of religion, who are so careless that they feel scarcely any interest in deciding the most important of all questions. Of the opposite class "who are more solicitous about their evidences, and about their comfort in religion, than about honoring God, and doing their duty," the writer very justly observes:

There are those who are always at work on the subject of their evidences, trying to find out, with a deep solicitude, whether they are christians or not, and much of the time mourning in great darkness, and under many doubts and fears. This may be partly owing to an unhappy constitutional temperament. But it also indicates that something is wrong, and that probably the heart is not right with God. The main object with the real christian is, to do the thing which is right, and to honor and glorify God thereby. He wants to know what is right, what God would have him do. And his main perplexity and trouble, is to know the path of duty and to follow it; not to get evidence to himself, not to strengthen and confirm his hope, not to gather comfort to his own soul. This getting of light, and evidence, and comfort to himself, is a secondary consideration; the great object with him is to honor God and do his duty.

In general the earnest searching for evidence of christian character in past experience, which many conscientious christians indulge in, is very poor business. Present evidence is the only evidence which has any real value. If you can find no good evidence that you are a child of God, **MAKE IT**; make it *now*, just as an impenitent sinner makes it, by humble penitence and child-like confidence in Christ, and the total and solemn consecration of yourself to God, and the evidence will be as bright and as strong as will be for your good.

ART. V.—ON CHRISTIAN UNION. A sober and discriminating review of Dr. Skinner's "Thoughts on Evangelizing the World," with the addition of the writer's own reflections. His positions are:

First, that neither denominational diversities of sentiment in minor doctrines of religion, nor a zealous adherence and attachment to those diversities, constitute of themselves *sectarianism* in any bad sense of that term; nor need both united divide or weaken *unity of spirit* among the different evangelical branches of Christ's church: Secondly, that those denominational divisions and names which are founded upon such diversities of doctrinal sentiment on minor points, do not in their own nature constitute *sectarianism*—that is to say, *schismatic separations*; so far from it, that it does not even belong to man to assert, that an *external unity of names, forms, and ecclesiastical organizations*, is, in a world like this, attainable or desirable.

To the inquiry, what ought to be the *basis* of Christian union and co-operation, he answers:

That while it restricts those who unite in their efforts to propagate Christianity, to the exclusive object of spreading the *saving knowledge of the gospel*, it must allow every one full freedom of expression and discussion; not only concerning the substantial faith, but also *unessential* shades of doctrine, and illustrations of philosophy. In short, it must be such as to curtail to no one liberty now exercised, except the liberty of sectarian strife and contention.

These positions are, in our view, eminently sound and practical. They equally avoid the two extremes of excluding all discussion on the one hand, and on the other, of reducing all diversities of form and worship to one invariable standard. It is no presumption to say that this last scheme can never be accomplished. Men will always differ as to the best mode of attaining an end, where no one is so decidedly preferable to all others as to coerce unanimity. And it is idle to expect that on the subject of church forms, which, be it remembered, are only the *means* of promoting piety, the usual course of human thought and action will be so totally changed as this scheme supposes. Even an appeal to "the purest and best days of Christianity," which our Episcopal friends are fond of making, will be found to be powerless. Men are wise enough to feel that forms of worship and discipline, which might be well adapted to the Christian church in the days of its infancy and ignorance, and while reared under the iron hand of a despotic government, may be quite unsuitable for the followers of Christ in the midst of the universal intelligence, and extensive civil freedom of the nineteenth century.

ART. VI. THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE, *viewed in relation to the duties and trials of the Christian Ministry.* One of the best articles in the number. The views of the writer are presented in a manner more than usually lively and vigorous. To those who are fond of heresy hunting, and instead of being "very slow and deeply sorrowful in secret places, as they should be," seem to make the essence of Christianity consist in heresy-finding, we commend the following paragraph:

It should be remembered, that in this nineteenth century some latitude of thought and belief must be allowed, or there can be no peace in the church. And while the great essential doctrines of the Bible are truly held, and those who hold them are seen to be honestly and faithfully engaged in their Master's work, with manifest tokens of his approbation; it should be felt to be a crime of no ordinary magnitude, to obstruct their usefulness and impair the public confidence in them, by raising against them suspicion of unsoundness in the faith, or calling them off from their work to defend themselves against the charge of heresy.

ART. VII.—HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL VIEW OF CASES IN THE INDO-EUROPEAN LANGUAGES. An article distinguished for profound learning and lucid arrangement. For the scholar it will possess a lasting value.

ART. VIII.—COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE DIVINE MERITS. This article we have not found time to read. We can only present the conclusion of it.

We are certainly nearer the Millenium; and its preparations and its spirit would seem to be in a degree possessed. Many of the signs of the times are auspicious. It is a day of high moral aims and achievements. More is doing for religion, if it is true also, that more is doing

against it. . . . It is a privilege to live in such a time, when by judicious counsels and strenuous efforts, when by mingling zeal and prudence, we may add to the momentum of the moral causes now in operation; and not divert them as might be done by haste and over-reaching measures to an unfavorable issue. What we do will tell emphatically on future times. It will be for better or for worse, in a ratio not easily calculated. The magnitude of the interest at stake, exceeds our powers of computation. May we feel then, the conviction, and more and more so, that as all we have is received from God, so we should conscientiously improve it, in his service.

ART. IX.—ON THE AUTHORITY OF REASON IN THEOLOGY. A manly and conclusive defence of the proposition, that the clear unperverted deductions of reason, are as binding in their authority, and not less truly to be relied on, than the word of God; and that the former can never contradict the latter. Says the writer with much truth and force:

Let it not here be said that we are giving to man an importance which the word of God does not warrant; that we are exalting human reason above divine revelation; doing away the necessity of such a revelation, and advocating views, calculated to awaken and foster the natural pride of the corrupt heart. True it is, we have given to man a dignity and importance which are denied by multitudes. We have invested him with powers akin to those of his Maker—powers and capacities which entitle him to rank but "little lower than the angels." And why? Because we have so read the oracles of revealed truth; because we have no other way of meeting the enemy, and silencing objectors and gainsayers; because on no other principle can we understand man's guilt, in perverting the true import of the sacred oracles, and in continuing to violate God's law; because we cannot else perceive how God could be just, in visiting the offender with the fearful penalties of that law, by kindling upon his soul the quenchless fires of perdition.

LETTER FROM THE REV. CALVIN COLTON. Mr. Colton would have acted far more wisely to have kept silent. In this letter he complains that the review of his work "On the Religious State of the Country," in the September and December numbers of the Spectator were not such as to please him. A brief but severe answer follows. If Mr. Colton possesses a spark of prudence, he will be very careful not to meddle with the Christian Spectator again.

For the *Intelligencer*.

"THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas A Kempis. With an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Chalmers, of Glasgow. A new edition; edited by Howard Matcom, Pastor of the Federal Street Baptist Church, Boston. Boston. 1835." 12mo. pp. 228.

This is no new work. During four hundred years, it has been blessing the world in leading thousands to a closer conformity with their Saviour. Nor is it the result of a few hasty thoughts. The brightest conceptions and holiest emotions of seventy years of singular piety and devotion to God are imprinted on its pages. Such books never die: they live and speak when their authors are laid in the silence of the grave, and their history has passed from the memory of men. This is the case with the work before us. Almost the whole of our knowledge of its author, is that he was born in 1380, lived to a great age, and died. But though dead

he yet speaketh. His book of the "Imitation of Christ" has seen nearly *forty* editions in the original Latin, and above *sixty* translations have been made from it into modern languages. In this new edition he will speak again. We hope that he may speak to many. We trust that those who have recently given themselves to the Saviour, as well as older Christians, will feel disposed to hold communion with such a spirit, and will truly learn to *imitate Christ*. The influence of this book at the present time will be peculiarly at, if reread and studied as it should be. Only let the young convert from the commencement of his Christian course, endeavor to be like his Saviour, and he will become a far more devoted and consistent Christian than by taking any other standard. This, in truth, is the only standard of piety which the Bible presents to us: all others are the works of man's invention.

It is a great recommendation of this edition above others, that it is neatly printed and bound, in a portable form, and sold at the moderate price of fifty cents a copy. For sale at the Sabbath School Depository. D.

The Young Mother's Guide, and Nurses Manual, etc. By RICHARD S. KISSAM, M. D. Second Edition. Hartford, 1837. 12mo. pp. 152.

The title of this book will sufficiently recommend it to those for the use of whom it is designed. For sale by A. H. Maltby.

For the *Intelligencer* PROFANE SWEARING.

Mr. Editor—I was both pleased and edified with some articles on this subject in your paper last year. I would be glad to present still another aspect of the subject. 1. I am not to enlarge on the subject as a breach of that tremendous prohibition of Jehovah "thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." 2. Nor upon that broad exposition of the subject given by the Saviour, "swear not at all." 3. Nor show at large that profane swearing is essentially the dialect of hell—"and they gnawed their tongues for pain and blasphemed the God of Heaven,"—(with the inference that he who practices this sin is not only preparing for, but anticipating the employment of the lost spirits of the pit.) 4. Nor that the profane swearer violates the laws of the State—thus making himself amenable to our civil authorities as a culprit, authorities too "ordained of God." 5. Nor that the individual guilty of this sin "is a silly fellow"—usually taking oaths, and using the name of God to give point to his conversation, because destitute of all wholesome and current intellectual funds. 6. Nor that he "is a vulgar fellow," and so on. I shall speak mainly of profane swearing as a breach of common civility and of social rights.

1. Profane swearing is a breach of common civility. The man who indulges this sin freely, eloquently or pithily as he may call it, and thinks himself a man of good breeding, or a gentleman, is most egregiously mistaken. In the first place I trust the day is going by when senselessness, vulgarity and affected smartness, can be accounted as sound compliments to the sober and the rational. But, worst of all, to think that profanity

pooured upon the meditations and kind deportment of others is civility, may be set down as the climax of absurdity and stupidity. If we are to esteem *that* civil treatment, which crucifies the feelings and mocks the character of the best part of community; every time any of this class chance to be at an inn, store, or any other place of public resort, then adieu to the proprieties of civil life. 2. But I was to speak mainly of this sin as a breach of social rights. Every one knows what sacred and inalienable things rights are. All know that it is the perfection of insult and wrong, to infringe upon rights. Nor will men ever resist any thing so promptly and strenuously, as such infringement. And still the better part of society allow their social rights to be almost perpetually trampled in the dust. Many probably will be startled at the assertion. We will then attend to the proof. Now I lay this down as a principle, that in every public place, as a Store and a Tavern, all possess equal rights of resort and association, and the proprietors or keepers of such establishments are bound to protect every individual in his rights, so long as he shall demean himself well, or in any way not to infringe on the social rights of others. Hence any set of friends of whatever political, literary, or religious principles, may meet and converse freely, and as long as they please, (provided it be done legally and without a violation of other ties,) with right of protection against being abused or even interrupted by others of different principles or habits. Thus neighbors and travelers at an inn, and customers of all sorts at a Store or Post Office, equally may challenge the quiet enjoyment of opinion and conversation; and it is a breach of social rights to deprive them of this enjoyment. Suppose a group of friends should assemble for conversation on political subjects, or even infidelity in a quiet unobtrusive manner, and a minister of the Gospel should mount the bar or counter, and assume the right to drown their conversation and harangue them with a hortatory discourse, or command their silence while he should absorb the attention of the whole company by his prayers. Would not this be accounted a breach of social rights? And would not men complain bitterly of the procedure? Would not the editorial corps make it ring through the land, as a sort of knell to freedom of opinion and conscience? The case would be totally altered should the company *consent* to hear the minister at such a place—the owner not dissenting. Well now turn the tables a moment. Some Christian travelers or customers are collected and quietly conversing or meditating on things appropriate to their calling. And suppose a profane swearer shall lift up his stentor voice and peal his oaths and blasphemy in upon them to their utter annoyance and great injury of feeling. Would not this be a breach of their social rights? And should they not be protected in their rights against such annoyances? But is not almost every Christian and sober man thus annoyed in nearly every instance that his business shall call him to the inn or store? We say plainly, that such things are violations of our social rights. And moreover we claim protection for these rights of every merchant, inn-keeper and post master in the land. And where we fail of this protection, the proprietors and keepers of public houses, are conniving at the violation of the

laws of society. Hence the profane swearer is not only a sinner against God, a child of hell, a violator of the laws of the land, a 'silly, vulgar, mean fellow,' &c., but a rude, uncivil creature, nay more, a trampler on the social rights of the best part of community. *One whose rights have been trampled on by profane swearers.*

For the Intelligencer.

TO MISS SARAH M. GRIMKE, AND ANGELINA E. GRIMKE.

LADIES.—In your reply to Clarkson, in the Intelligencer of the 11th ult. article 2d, you make the following assertion or statement:

"Slave-traders in the District of Columbia, by the payment of \$400 a piece, are licensed by Congress to buy and sell American citizens, and this price of blood is thrown into the coffers of the nation."

This paragraph was copied without the writer's names, and sent to a gentleman in Washington, who put it into the hands of Judge Cranch, chief judge of the District, with the request that he would inform whether the statement is true.

The following is the answer of the Judge, word for word:—

"It is *not* true that Slave-traders, in the District of Columbia, are licensed by Congress, upon payment of \$400 a piece, or on the payment of any sum of money whatever, to buy and sell American citizens, or even slaves. There is no 'price of blood' thrown into the coffers of the nation. I cannot imagine what the writer alludes to."

CLARKSON.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR.—In the proceedings of Temperance Societies, in Albany and in this State, I see mention made of a *tee-total* pledge, and of *tee-total* abstinence. I wish to be informed Sir, what is meant by this strange word, *tee-total*; and whether, in temperance, it is nearly equivalent to the vulgar *whole-hog* in politics.

NEWEL.

Will some of our Correspondents give the information "NEWEL," requests us to give.—*Ed.*

From the Journal and Luminary.

LIKE PASTOR LIKE PEOPLE.

I am persuaded that there is more truth in this old adage than most ministers of the gospel are willing to admit. And this reluctance to acknowledge it, arises from an unwillingness to have so great a responsibility as that of moulding the piety of a whole church rolled upon them. If a truth, it is a fearful thing to be a minister of the gospel. Said an excellent man: "Introduce me to your pastor, and I care not about seeing the church;" I should soon ascertain what spirit it is of; if he is cold-hearted and inactive—if he feels but little concerned about the honor of God, and the salvation of sinners, and prays but little, the church will feel just so. If he feels deeply the dishonor done God by the wicked and cold-hearted professor, and is a man of prayer, lives much upon food which the world knows not of, the same spirit will run through the church.

O, young men!—you who are looking forward to the gospel ministry, ponder well this truth! Remember the high and responsible station you expect soon to fill; that you, while pursuing your preparatory studies, will fix, not only your habits, but your standard of piety, which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is never altered. Your future usefulness depends upon the stand

you now take. It is thought by some that a college life is unfavorable to the attainment of a high-toned piety; but it is not a fact. No walls of a college, though ever so thick, can shut out God; and he needs only to be sought to be found. Are you willing to enter the sacred office with no more piety than so many of our ministers? I say, *are you?* If you answer No!—and really wish to advance in the divine life—to ascend those heights of bliss attained by so few—go purchase the memoir of James B. Taylor; lay in on your table by the side of your Bible, read a small portion every day; when once read through, read it again, and I venture to say that you will desire to give it a third perusal, if you are looking to the ministry with right motives. No young man will be useful in the ministry who is not useful while on his way thereto. He need not go to the heathen lands to labor for the salvation of men, who has no heart to labor for sinners around him. Oh! when will the millennium come, if future generations are not more holy men than their fathers? Not until there is less of a worldly spirit in the church and in the ministry. H.

FERVENT PRAYER.

Fervent prayer has not only a tendency to draw down a divine blessing on other means of instruction, but when offered in the hearing of the persons whose good is implored, it is calculated to strike conviction into their minds and awaken in them a serious concern about their eternal interests. Many facts could be adduced to show the beneficial tendency of social prayer in this view; among which the following is one.

I heard of a good woman, who had an acquaintance with a godly minister, whom she used sometimes to entertain at her house, for the sake of his conversation and prayers. But she had a husband who was an enemy to all religion, and therefore had such an aversion to this good man, that he not only forbid him his house but even formed a resolution to murder him. For this purpose he one day went into a wood, where he knew the minister used to walk for retirement, prepared and determined to execute his horrid purpose. But hearing a voice, he stood still to listen, and he found that the good man was praying particularly for him, in such a manner, that it so melted him as to make him throw down his weapon, and go and cast himself at his feet, confessing his vile intention, and imploring forgiveness both of him and of God. The consequence was, that he was a sincere convert, and an eminent christian.

REVIEW OF THE MEMOIR OF JOHN MASON GOOD.

Selected from the Christian Spectator.

Great talents are a rare endowment; and, though they confer no exemption from the cares, disappointments and trials of life, they elevate their possessor to the highest point of enviable distinction. All, with one consent, pay a kind of homage to the man, who, by his intellectual pre-eminence, shows himself capable of exciting, moulding, and directing the minds of others. His removal from society is felt to be a public calamity, and thousands vie with each other in paying respect to his memory.

But it is only when superior talents are combined with permanent moral qualities, and are exerted in the cause of Christian philanthropy and benevolence, that we yield them our highest homage of respect and gratitude. The annals of genius, indeed, supply us many unequivocal instances, in which the highest discipline and refinement of intellect, have resulted entirely from those moral qualities and excitements to which we have alluded above. Henry Martyn, a scholar whose name will be echoed with veneration in the halls of science and sanctuaries of religion for ages to come, has remarked, "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for

them; for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful." A frequent contemplation of the character and works of God, accompanied with a firm belief in his providence and his word, is calculated to produce an illumination in the human mind, not unlike that exhibited in the face of Moses, when he descended from conversing with God on the holy Mount.

These remarks have been suggested by the memoir before us; from the perusal of which we have risen with enlarged conceptions of the capabilities of the human mind, and of the power and adaptation of religion to expand and direct its energies. We have been tracing the progress of a man, who was at once an elegant scholar, a profound philosopher, and a distinguished biblical critic; one who was intimately acquainted with nearly all the modern languages of Europe, while at the same time he was one of the most skillful practitioners in his own profession, which the age has produced, and one of the most learned expounders of the theory and practice of medicine, who has appeared at any period of the world. His powers of intellect, rapid in their development, were evidently dilated, directed, and excited by religion; and what is peculiarly gratifying, he carried, finally, all his intellectual attainments to the foot of the cross, and consecrated them to the service of the Redeemer.

Dr. Good's father was a clergyman of very respectable character and attainments, belonging to the Independent or Congregational class of dissenters, and settled at Epping, in Essex. This son was born May 25, 1764, and received his name from the Rev. John Mason, author of the treatise on "self-knowledge," from whom the father received an impressive charge at his ordination. Under the immediate care and tuition of his father, who proved an excellent disciplinarian, he early acquired a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and evinced an ardent thirst for general knowledge.

At the age of fifteen, he was apprenticed to Mr. Johnson, a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport. To the duties of this new station he was assiduously devoted, but continued to save much time for the pursuit of his favorite studies.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Good, about the age of eighteen, engaged himself for a time with a distinguished surgeon at Harant; but the winter and spring of 1783-84, he passed in London, attending on the medical and surgical lectures of the most celebrated professors.

In the summer of 1784, he returned from London, and entered into partnership with Mr. Decks of Sudbury. By his knowledge, and skill and unremitting attention to the business of his profession, he soon became extensively known; and his partner committed to him the principal management of the business.

About this time he married a Miss Godfrey, of Coggeshall, who died however of the consumption within little more than six months. Nearly four years after this event, he married his second wife, a daughter of Thomas Fenn, Esq. of Ballingdon Hall, an opulent Banker at Sudbury. As the result of this union, which lasted thirty years, he had six children of whom two daughters only survive. In the bosom of his family he always appeared to the greatest advantage, combining with his mental pre-eminence, those endearing social virtues, which made him at once an affectionate husband and father, and a most interesting and instructive companion and friend.

In 1792, Dr. Good was called to suffer, what seems to be the frequent lot of distinguished genius, great pecuniary embarrassments; arising from his having injudiciously lent considerable sums of money, and having given his name as security to a large amount for others. On this occasion, he roused up all his powers, and made the most strenuous efforts to extricate himself. He first made translations from the French and Italian, tried his

hand at dramatic composition, wrote poems and a series of philosophical essays; but not being able to dispose of his productions according to his expectations, with an ardor nowise damped, he next became a regular contributor to one of the Reviews, and opened a correspondence with the editor of "The World," which paper was afterwards enriched with many of his poetical effusions. Under every imaginable variety of circumstances, his elastic intellect was developing and exercising its powers; carrying on within itself a continual series of literary efforts, the results of which were reduced to writing in his brief intervals of business.

Following Dr. Good in his luminous path, as he pushes forward his theoretical and practical inquiries into every accessible channel, we find him next the successful competitor for a prize of twenty guineas offered by Dr. Lettsom of the Medical Society, for the best dissertation on the question, "What are the diseases most frequent in work-houses, poor-houses, and similar institutions, and what are the best means of cure and prevention?" This dissertation was published, and confirmed the high estimation in which his professional qualifications and acquirements were held by the public. To this succeeded shortly after, the publication of his "History of Medicine," a work that has since been incorporated into most of the cyclopædias, and other repositories of medical science.

Notwithstanding his constant professional engagements (and we may form some estimate of these from the fact, that his business as a surgeon yielded him more than fourteen hundred pounds sterling a year,) he found much time for literary pursuits. He had not only a great thirst for the study of languages, but a wonderful tact in acquiring them. Applying the principles of generalization, classification and affinity, he mastered a language with surprising ease and rapidity. In this way he studied with success the Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Chinese, and other languages, and gave ample proofs of acquisitions, by private communications to his friends, and by many elaborate articles in the reviews. He seemed to act on the principle of redeeming every moment of time, and filling up all its interstices with some useful employment. Scarcely any region of inquiry escaped his curiosity, and he resolved to bring himself under something like the urgency of a moral necessity, to become thoroughly acquainted with the utmost possible variety of subjects, upon which men of literature, science and investigation had been able to throw any light.

These habits of study and business were continued for many years, indeed we may say through life, with this difference only, that during the last twenty years of his life, his acquisitions and efforts were directed more exclusively to the promotion of religion.

He undertook the translation of Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura," but his professional calls were so numerous, that his translation was nearly all composed in the streets of London, while on visits to his patients. This translation, accompanied with a great variety of learned and valuable notes, was pronounced to be one of great elegance and merit. While engaged in this work, he was associated with Dr. Gregory and Mr. Bosworth in the compilation of the "Universal Dictionary" of arts, sciences and words, in which work he was engaged about eight years.

Such severe and continued mental application began to make fearful ravages on Dr. Good's health and constitution. His health began to decline in 1822. Still his labors were not much remitted; and he continued to suffer greatly in his health, till 1826.

His last illness was short and exceedingly severe, and terminated his useful life on the 2d of January, 1827, in the sixty third year of his age.

The published works of Dr. Good, would fill more than twenty large octavo volumes, seventeen or eighteen

of which are standard works; many of them on recondite subjects requiring extensive research, and all adorned with an elegant style, and enriched with various knowledge.

His "Book of Nature," and "Study of Medicine,"—works which stand among the very first in those departments of knowledge and science of which they treat,—have been reprinted and are in extensive circulation in this country. The latter work, if we are not mistaken, has been generally adopted as the authoritative and standard text book of the profession. It has received the highest encomiums from distinguished medical men in Europe and the United States, and the British Medical Reviews pronounce it, "beyond all comparison, the best of the kind in the English language;" and its author one "who could devour and digest whole libraries."

There is visible in the writings of Dr. G. particularly those of his later years, a predominant disposition to make all his knowledge and labors subsidiary to the cause of religion and humanity; and a settled habit of "looking through nature up to nature's God," and tracing his providence in all the multiform occurrences of life. His was that

"Philosophy," which, "baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives him his praise and forfeits not her own."

He had "sought for intelligence at the great Fountain of Intellect, and had found Him, 'whom to know is life eternal.'"

In looking back on the life and labors of Dr. Good, there is nothing which strikes the mind with greater surprise, than the amount of intellectual exertion which he was able to endure. So extensive was his medical and surgical practice, from an early period after his removal to London, that he walked, in his ordinary round of visits, from ten to fifteen miles every day. The pressure of these duties would have been thought by most men, to furnish an abundant apology for the neglect of every other. When we add to these the immense research which was requisite in collecting from every quarter the materials of his great work on medical science, and reflect on the still greater difficulty of reducing to order this chaotic mass; it is with feelings of absolute amazement that we see him adventuring in the field of biblical criticism, exploring the whole department of knowledge to illustrate the pages of Lucretius, and performing the labor of half a score of ordinary writers in magazines and reviews. Yet it is not we believe to any extraordinary force of genius, that we are to ascribe this almost miraculous rapidity of intellectual effort. The secret of Dr. Good's prodigious powers in this respect lay in his early habits—in the exact distribution of his time, the perfect order which prevailed in the arrangement of all the knowledge he acquired, and his invariable practice of filling up every moment of time with some definite object of pursuit.

His father had been particularly solicitous to impress upon his mind, at an early period, that, to a successful pursuit of knowledge, five things are necessary; "a proper distribution and management of his time; a right method of reading to advantage; the order and regulation of his studies; the proper way of collecting and preserving sentiments from books and conversation; and the improvement of thoughts when alone." Dr. Good had these fundamental principles wrought, as it were, into his constitution; and we cannot wonder, that a rigid adherence to his father's principles on this subject, made him one of the most distinguished scholars of the age. Why is it that men so often complain of want of time and means for study, and that they are found at the age of forty or fifty, at the same point of acquisition where they stood at twenty? Why is it but that want-

ing in energy and decision of character, they engage in study in an indolent, hesitating manner, with no definite object in view, and finally waste their lives in laboriously doing nothing? This subject, we believe is far better understood in Europe than in this country. The waste of time on the part of professional men, even those who are industrious and devoted to study, is astonishingly great. The habits of society among us are adverse to study; they are the habits of people who have abundant time upon their hands. As yet, we know but little, take our country at large, of that directness in coming to the point, that instantaneous rejection of all extraneous topics, that prompt decision on the case presented, which mark the intercourse of professional and business men abroad. All the Executive business of the greatest Tract Society in the world, is despatched in the space of twenty or thirty minutes, while the directors breakfast together at the Tract House, once a week. Until our professional men have the firmness to say with Mather, not only to those who visit them, but to themselves likewise, *be short*, we can never hope to see them rearing such monuments to their industry as were left by Dr. Good.

The memoir of Dr. Good suggests another topic of reflection, viz. the high responsibility attached to the office of a physician. No class of men have greater facilities, or more favorable opportunities for doing good. Many, in the hour of sickness or distress, will eagerly listen to religious conversation; to which they would close their ears in health; they will open their hearts to a physician, while through pride or other causes, every avenue of access would be barred to others. His opinion, too, at such a time, has great influence. He has opportunity for imparting instruction to multitudes when their minds are peculiarly susceptible of serious impressions; for it is the effect of sickness and pain to soften prejudices and subdue stubbornness, induce serious reflection, and prepare the mind for a reception of the truths and consolations of the gospel. He is called too under these favorable circumstances, to visit many who have seldom, perhaps never, appeared in the house of God, and who till now have steeled their hearts against the momentous truths of religion. He sees them near the threshold of eternity, when their probation is about to close. If he is a man of decided piety, and fearless in the discharge of duty, how many a soul may he save from eternal death. While with the hand of christian kindness, he wipes away the cold sweat from the decaying body, he may administer the healing balm of salvation to the immortal spirit. With the voice of prayer, he may soothe the agonies of the departing soul, and not only point with assurance to celestial mansions, but may aid the upward flight of the child of God. A grateful community can scarcely award too high a meed of praise to our physicians, for the noble stand they have taken in the temperance reformation. At no small sacrifice of interest, they have stood forth as honest men, and sounded the note of alarm against the use of ardent spirits. Let them go one step further. Let them use their influence to save the souls of their fellow men. Under a deep sense of their responsibility, let them diligently employ every opportunity in their power, to save the soul as well as the body. Then may the church of the Redeemer hail them as powerful coadjutors in the cause of benevolence, and God himself reward them with his peculiar blessing here and hereafter.

REVIVALS.

From the Buffalo Spectator.

WESTFIELD, N. Y. March 13, 1837.

Br. PEET,—I send you a brief notice of our meeting, you can publish it if you think it will do good.

Some three or four weeks before the meeting commenced, we sent out, on a set day, sixteen brethren of

the church, two and two, into all parts of the parish. At evening they met to report to the church and to pray.—The next week we sent twelve other brethren in like manner. The Lord appeared to bless three visiting brethren with divine influences as well as certain sections of the parish.

Saturday, Feb. 11th, was observed by the church as a day of fasting and prayer for the descent of the Spirit, and the conversion of sinners. On that day brother Orton commenced preaching, and continued with me for eighteen days. We held a church prayer meeting each forenoon, and had preaching usually each afternoon and evening the whole time. During the second general prayer meeting, there were marked tokens of divine influence. A few brethren, who had for six years past, looked with some suspicion upon these special efforts to convert men to God, found very suddenly, all their prejudices giving way; and with weeping and confession, they said, of a truth God is here: and on that very day some ten or fifteen sinners submitted hopefully to our Lord Jesus Christ. From that day for a fortnight, these prayer meetings were most signally blessed of God. Upon the church the spirit seemed to distil as the dew. All hearts appeared to melt and break before its sweet and heaven-descending power. Of a hundred and thirty sisters of the church, not more than two or three were found to decline to pray in the female prayer meetings; of a hundred brethren not one would decline to labor at the post assigned him; such was the subduing power of the Spirit, and such their love to Christ, and the souls for whom he shed his blood.

The meeting continued to rise in interest from the day of the prayer meeting, mentioned above, to the close, and we had pleasing evidence that the Lord added to the church daily, such as should be saved. In one inquiry meeting, was to be seen among the converts, the man of eighty-three years of age, with his son of forty, and his grand son of eighteen, weeping and praising God for what he had just done for their souls. More than twenty heads of families were hopefully renewed. About one hundred and thirty gave pleasing indications of conversion to God. Since the meeting closed there have been some interesting cases of hope.

This week we send out twenty brethren to visit thro' the parish, and a fortnight hence we propose to send as many more, and our prayer and expectation is, that the Lord will continue to bless his people and convert souls.

Yours, DAVID D. GREGORY.

REVIVALS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

There has been for some time past an interesting state of religious feeling in several churches and societies in this State. In one, during the year past, a fainting church has been revived, its number doubled, and its prospects for continuance confirmed; where christians expected only desolation, there has the Lord put into their mouths a new song, even praise unto our God. In several places revivals are now enjoyed, with greater or less power: but we have not received definite information to enable us to give many particulars. And this notice we should not now give, were it not that such accounts are cheering and encouraging to other churches. If the chariot of the Lord is moving in the midst of the churches, those which have not yet obtained the blessing may be encouraged to arise and call upon him.

An interesting fact is reported to us from one place—ten pious wives agreed to pray, and requested others to pray for their unconverted partners; the prayer was heard; and those ten husbands are now communicants with their wives at the Lord's table; another case was, in one family a father and mother, and six children became believers in the Lord Jesus. Every conversion is a new cause of joy to angels, and should be to the church on earth. Will not each professor of religion, and every church consider what is to be done in these days of mer-

cy, and each take the posture before God that shall secure the blessing to themselves and those afar off?

Concord (N. H.) Obs.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A WARNING TO THE YOUNG.

[Written by a Clergyman.]

Helena, was a lovely girl entering upon her 19th year. The bloom of beauty played upon her cheek; the aspirations of hope beamed from her dark-blue eye, and a peculiar buoyancy and spirit was observed in her every movement. Amiable in her disposition, affectionate in her attachments, and correct in her deportment, she secured the esteem of all, and bade fair to bless the declining years of her widowed mother. But H. lacked "one thing." To "CHRIST the hope of glory," she was a stranger. Did she embrace Universalism? She did not. She tried to believe it. She hoped it might be true. It was on a delightful evening in December, 1832, that the writer of this, attended a lecture near the residence of H. As the basis of remark, the speaker adopted the apostolic exhortation to the Thessalonians, "Quench not the Spirit;" and as he addressed the youth especially upon the danger of quenching the Spirit, H. listened with deep interest; and thought, that even then, she heard the Saviour say—"Behold I stand at the door and knock." But other considerations obtruded. She was yet young—had many years to live. Besides, a certain preacher had almost persuaded her, that the "tares and the wheat" would at last be gathered indiscriminately into the garner of God. All things considered, therefore, she might for this time, "Quench the Spirit." But with H. the harvest was nearly past. It was her last sermon. Saying "go thy way for this time," she returned thoughtlessly to the maternal dwelling, and before eight short days, was in the grave. After the physician had despaired of her recovery, the writer of this, was called to her dying room. The flush of beauty had faded from her cheek—the aspirations of hope no longer beamed from her eye, and her "expectation" had perished. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as I approached her, "Oh! Mr. —, I am undone!" I attempted to direct her to that fountain, which "the dying thief rejoiced to see," but apparently in vain. The last words to me, as she entered the dark valley—and the cold sweat of death stood upon her forehead were these—"I have rejected Christ—rejected Christ—Oh, that my young companions would take warning, not to do as I have done!"

The passing stranger may see the grave, just back of the little dwelling, where a while since, H. slighted the admonitions of pious friends, together with the invitation of "the Spirit and the Bride," under the fallacious hope of a long life, "a more convenient season," and the possibility of entering the "kingdom of God," without being "born again." The cold winds of winter, whistle around it, but no breath of the Holy Spirit is there. Above the "pale moon keeps her nightly vigils—but tears of godly grief ne'er flow within."

Oh ye young and thoughtless neglectors of the great salvation—

"Had you true wisdom, would you often warn'd
Still need repeated warnings—and at last,
A thousand tender admonitions scorn'd,
Die self accused of life run all to waste."

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live.
'Tis so far fetched this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.

To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say;
To-day itself's to late; the wise lived yesterday!
Translated from Marshall by Cowley.

From the Christian Witness.

The following is an extract, copied from a letter recently received from one of the superintendents of a female school in Greece; showing the manner in which the teachers try to impress upon the scholars, that they are to practice what they know, to become wise unto salvation. The superintendent says:

A few days since I entered the school room just as the dinner basket had been given to the scholars: after the blessing had been asked, which is done in the school room before the children leave it to eat their bread, I noticed a little girl crying, and in angry dispute with one next to her. They were called from their places and bid stand by themselves till the school was dismissed; I then learned that one was accused of stealing a *chesnut* from the basket of the other. The teacher without asking any questions, bid them bring their Bibles and turn to the Friday lesson, which is the ten commandments: it was read by the accused, and after the teacher had made a few remarks, she permitted them to join their companions in play. The next morning after prayer, she called the two girls from their seats, and the attention of all the scholars was arrested, by asking if they knew why the two were thus placed before them? They were then told that the girl was guilty, and asked if they knew what commandment had been disobeyed, and thus by questions to the whole school, and their answers from the Word, the sin against God and man became manifest. The teacher read to the little girl the admonition the Scripture gives to those who have stolen "to steal no more." At dinner time I asked if she had a *chesnut* in her basket. She said, Yes. And what, I asked, do you think you ought to do, from what you have learned from the Word of God this morning? She opened her basket, took out the *chesnut*, and with a tearful eye, gave it before all the scholars to the little girl from whom she then confessed she had taken one.

From the Journal and Luminary.

BUT THE WHISKEY WITHIN AND WITHOUT, WHEN
HEATED WITH RAGE, DID NOT KEEP THE OLD MAN
WARM.

As I was riding with a social post boy, in Indiana, he pointed to the side of the road, and said, "Right there, by the fence, is where that old man froze to death the last snow storm." What old man, I inquired. "Why, old —; he had been over to H. drinking a good deal—had two or three fights,—and as he was returning, he lay down, and the snow fell and covered him up, so that they did not find him for several days. When they did find him, he had four bottles of whiskey in his pockets. He had three thousand dollars left him two or three years ago, but it was all gone before he died."

A TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

In the House on Tuesday last, a petition was presented, signed by upwards of five thousand females of the city of Philadelphia, praying the Legislature to adopt some means to arrest the progress of intemperance. The names were generally written in neat and handsome hands, (indicative of the petition coming from a respectable source,) and reached from the Speaker's desk to the door without unrolling. It was supposed that it would reach from the desk of the Speaker, across the rotunda to the door of the Senate, if not to the desk of the President of that body. It was referred to the committee on vice and immorality.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

INFIDELITY.—What would you say of a man who should throw away his compass, because he could not

tell why it points to the north? or reject an accurate chart, because it did not delineate coasts with which he had no concern? What would you say of a man who should reject all the best astronomical treatises, because they do not describe the inhabitants of the moon, and of the planets? And what would you say of a man, who when sick of a mortal disease, should refuse an infallible remedy, because his physician would not first tell by what secret laws the remedy would take effect? Now this is precisely the case with those who neglect the Bible, because it does not reveal the secret things which belong to God.

CLERICAL VANITY REPROVED.

Mr. Cruden, author of the Concordance, measured the qualifications and conduct of ministers by no ordinary standard; and when he discovered any marked inconsistency between the office and the man, he never failed to express his disapprobation by some mode or action too unequivocal to be misunderstood. He once met with a young clergyman whose spruce and conceited manners excited his disgust. With great good humor he presented him with a child's catechism, well known in Scotland, entitled, 'The Mother's Catechism, dedicated to the Young and Ignorant.'

Novel reading vitiates and palls the appetite for literary food of a nutritious kind; it leads the young mind to muse on improbabilities, and to view as realities scenes remote from actual life; it excites the passions by administering a sweet but subtle poison.

EXERCISE.—I believe exercise to be indispensable to bodily health, and that all the operations of the mind are invigorated by health. I believe it equally promotive of the improvement of moral feeling. All the benevolent impulses of the heart are quickened.

CHANGING THE MONTHLY CONCERT.—We have never been in favor of changing the day for our observance of the Monthly Concert of Prayer for the conversion of the world. We think it better, ordinarily, that the evening of the Lord's day should be set apart to labors for the conversion of sinners at home. And the prayers of those who are too worldly to come together on Monday evening, will not be the most available. It seems, however, that our Baptist brethren are changing.—*N. Y. Observer.*

We understand that the Rev. Mr. Barrows, of the first Free Church in New York, has accepted the appointment of Professor of Sacred Literature in the theological department of the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, and expects to remove thither with his family in the course of a few weeks.

AMERICAN NATIONAL PREACHER.—The editor of this periodical, which has been widely circulated for the last eleven years, gives notice that he wishes to transfer it, previous to the 1st May, to some individual who may be expected to sustain its character and continue its usefulness.

The Church and Society of Collinsville have presented a unanimous call to the Rev. H. N. Brinsmade, of Pittsfield, Ms. to become their Pastor.

The following is an extract of a letter to the editor of the Philadelphia Observer:

"The result of the revivals in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, N. Y. during the past year is, that 90 persons have connected themselves with the Presbyterian church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. F. Wile, and about 30 with the Baptist church, under the care of Elder Roberts."

The number of known languages in the world is 300; into 150 of which the Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been translated.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

ERRATA.—Our readers are requested to make the following corrections in the Letter of the Rev. Mr. Jocelyn to the Rev. Mr. Bacon, in our paper of the 25th March. Page 682, 7th line, 2nd column, for "from our Association to another one" read "from one Association to another."—44th line, omit "nor" between the words "believe" and "expect."—Page 683, 50th line, first column, for "ministers" read "ministry."

MARRIED.

In Bridgeport, by the Rev. Mr. Coit, on Sunday evening, Mr. Isaac J. Wells, of Newtown, to Miss Marietta E. Hough, of New Haven.

In Stratford, on the 8th of March, by the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Bridgeport, to Miss Mary Hubbell, of the former place.

In Wallingford, on the 20th ult., Mr. Lewis Jones, of North Madison, to Miss Mary Parker.

In Guilford, on the 23d ult., Mr. Jeremiah Frisbie, of Branford, to Miss Emily Cook, of the former place.

In Derby, Mr. Henry Terrell, to Miss Jennette Wooster, both of Derby.

DIED.

In this city, on the 26th inst., George, son of Mr. Geo. Robinson, aged 10 months.

In Hartford, Mrs. Mary A. Barnard, aged 73 years, widow of the late Mr. Grove Barnard. Miss Eliza Terry, daughter of the late Mr. Oliver Terry.

In Northford, on the 30th ult., Miss Eunice Mahby, aged 50.

In Saybrook, on the 25th ult., Mr. Richard W. Hart, aged 69.

At Brooklyn, L. I., on the 24th ult., of inflammation of the lungs, Miss Betsey Bellamy, of Derby, aged 39.

In Blandford, Ms., on the 4th ult., widow Jerusha Boies, aged 72.

In Collinsville, on the 18th ult., Helen P. Platt, daughter of Deacon Platt, in the 12th year of her age.—In the death of this little girl, God has been pleased to give another proof of his faithfulness in hearing the prayers and rewarding the efforts of Christian parents, and of Sabbath School teachers. Pleasing evidence was given that their labors had not been in vain—and that, through their instrumentality, God had prepared the immortal spirit for the higher services and employments of heaven.

At Lyons, Mich., on the 12th ult., Miss Julia, daughter of Col. James Clark, aged 12 years.

At Hamden, on the 24th ult., Mrs. Lydia Bassett, widow of the late Theo. Bassett, aged 81.

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